THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1743.

Original Poetry.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS H. E. SEARS.

It is not always that we need
The act of kindness shown,
And joy responsive to such deed
May be the joy alone

Philadelphia, December, 1854.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

Come now. Let us go and find the mossy dell, from which I showed you, through the trees, the beautiful view of the bay. I do not care for the view now, though never looked on it before; I care for no beauty but this which is before my heart. Come, sweet! let us go to the mossy dell—it is carpeted with violets now, blue as your eyes, and fragrant as your lips; come, sweet!" He drew her arm within his own and led her on.

A walk of about a quarter of a mile through the bushes brought them to the spot which has been described before. They descended by the natural staircase of moss covered rocks, and sat down together upon a bed of violets at its foot.

Before them, through the canopy of overarching trees, was seen, like a picture in its frame of foliage, a fine view of the open country and the bay now bathed in the purple haze of evening.

But the fairest prospect that ever was seen had no more attraction for Thurston than if it had been a view of chimney tops from a back attic window. He passed his right hand over Marian's shoulders, and drew her close to his side, and with the other hand began to untie her bonnet strings.

"Lay off this little bonnet. Let me see your beauteous head uncovered. There!" he said, putting it aside, and smoothing her bright locks. "Oh, Marian! my love! my queen! when I see only the top of your head, I think your rippling, sunny tresses your chief beauty; but soon my eyes fall to the blooming cheek—there never was such a cheek—so velvet soft, so delicate, so glowing yet so cool and fresh, like a damask rose bathed in morning dew—and when I gaze on it I think the blushing cheek your sweetest charm—ah! but near that bloom the rich, ripe lips, fragrant as nectar, which I should swear to be the very nectar itself, were not my gaze caught up to meet your eyes—stars! souls!—and then I know that I have found the very throne of beauty! Oh! priceless pearl! By what rare fortune was it that I discovered you in these Maryland woods? Love! Marian! enchantress! angel! *Marian!* for that is *all!*" he exclaimed, in a sort of ecstacy, pressing her to his side.

And Marian dropped her blushing face upon his shoulder—she was blushing not with joyful love alone—with it mingled a feeling of shame, regret, and mistrust, because he praised so much her form and face, because he seemed to love her only for her superficial graces. She would have spoken if she could have done so; she would have said what was on her heart, as earnest as a prayer to say, "Do not think so much of this perishable, personal beauty; accident may ruin it, sickness may injure it, time will certainly impair it. Do not love me for that which I have no power to keep..."

Our Picture Gallery.

PUNISHMENT OF THE KNOUT IN RUSSIA.

FROM SEARS' ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

PUNISHMENT OF THE KNOUT.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Capital punishments are rare in Russia, high-treason being the only crime visited with death. In its place are the rod and the knout. Sentences to punishment by the former often condemn to such a vast number of blows, that the hide of an elephant could scarcely withstand them; human nature must sink and expire under them. What man can endure four thousand blows of a stick? They would inevitably kill him, which is no part of the condemnation; and, as a proof that this is not desired, the sentence concludes by ordaining that, after the criminal has received his punishment, he shall be sent for life to Siberia.

The officer in command of the troops ordered for the execution of the sentence is responsible for its being literally and completely carried out. This responsibility he lays, in his turn, upon the shoulders of the regimental surgeon. The delinquent—civilian or soldier, it matters not which—marches down the fatal street of men, with a soldier in front and in rear, whose levelled bayonets prevent his hanging back or unduly hurrying on. Upon his left walks the surgeon, holding the unhappy wretch's hand in his, and anxiously watching the state of the pulse. When its diminished beat gives token of danger, the punishment, on a signal from the medical man, is immediately suspended, the exhausted sufferer is placed on a cart, and taken to the hospital. The horrible but yet humaner practice of the Austrians—to inflict the entire number of blows prescribed by the sentence, even though the latter portion of them fall upon a corpse—is in Russia strictly prohibited. The patient is taken care of in the hospital until recovery, and then again beaten. If this process be often repeated, he usually dies in consequence of his wounds; but in that case, "justice" has not actually *killed* him! Should he ultimately recover, he is sent to Siberia. It seems incredible, but is nevertheless true, that many criminals have thus taken, by instalments, four or five thousand blows, and lived to drag out many years of melancholy existence in Siberian deserts.

The second and still severer punishment is that of the knout; but before this punishment can be inflicted, it must be proved that such a crime has been committed as would detail, in every civilized country, the penalty of death. For the knout is the substitute for capital punishment. It cannot be inflicted without the Emperor's own signature. As for the rest, though the sentence proceeds from the judge, its effect depends entirely upon the executioner who wields the knout.

The criminal, surrounded by a guard of Cossacks, is conducted, half naked, to the place chosen for this kind of execution; all that he has on is simply a pair of linen drawers; his hands are bound together by cords, with the palms laid flat against one another. He is stretched prostrate upon his belly, on a frame inclined diagonally, and at the extremities of which are fixed iron rings; his hands are fastened to one end of the frame, and his feet to the other; he is then extended in such a manner that he cannot make a single movement.

At a distance of five-and-twenty paces stands another man: it is the public executioner. He is dressed in black velvet trowsers, stuffed into his boots, and a colored cotton shirt, buttoning at the side. His sleeves are tucked up, so that nothing may thwart or embarrass him in his movements. With both hands he grasps the instrument of punishment—the terrible knout. This knout consists of a thong of thick leather, cut in a triangular form, from four to five yards long, and an inch wide, tapering off at one end, and broad at the other; the small end is fastened to a little wooden handle, about two feet long.

The signal is given: no one ever takes the trouble to read the sentence. The executioner advances a few steps, with his body bent, holding the knout in both hands, while the long thong drags along the ground between his legs. On coming to about three or four paces from the prisoner, he raises, by a vigorous movement, the knout toward the top of his head, and then instantly draws it down toward his knees. The thong flies whistling through the air, and, descending on the body of the victim, twines round it like a hoop of iron. In spite of his state of tension, the poor wretch bounds as if he were submitted to the powerful shock of galvanism. The executioner retraces his steps, and repeats the same operation as many times as there are blows to be inflicted. When the thong envelops the body with its edges, the flesh and muscles are literally cut into stripes as if with a razor; but when it falls flat, then the bones crack; the flesh, in that case, is not cut, but crushed and ground, and the blood spurts out in all directions. The sufferer becomes green and blue, like a body in a state of decomposition.

The knout is fatal, if the judgment of the Emperor, or the executioner, wills it to be so. Does the latter mean to be humane to his victim? he kills him with the first lash, for so great is the instrument's weight, that it enables him to break the spine at a single blow! This is not, however, usually done, and the unfortunate culprit receives the whole number prescribed...

THE SEAMAN'S LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ADA VERNON.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM DEMERARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XXVI.

Tarantulas—Rice—Chocolate—Indian Maize—Guiana Corn—Vanilla—Tobacco—Letter Wood—Hemp—Papyrus—Plantain Fibre—Cinnamon—Nutmeg—Pepper—Ginger—Indigo.

We were sitting in one of the half-circular rooms in the old Dutch Governor's mansion, waiting the tardy movements of some three or four sable servants while they prepared refreshments, when suddenly one of the children cried out "See! a tarantula!"

His blackness was marching along the ceiling over our heads, happily oblivious of the eager glances, filled with mingled fear and wonder, that followed his leisure movements. I could not repress a shudder, spite of my safe distance from the venomous reptile, but one of the curly headed sons of our host, a youngster of some six years, laughed heartily at my horror, and proceeded in search of a long stick with which to dislodge the intruder.

I should say this creature with legs outspread was the bigness of a man's hand, and a pretty broad hand at that. The little fellow who volunteered to give him a friendly knock, succeeded in his purpose, and the tarantula fell with a dull sound to the floor. He was soon captured, his long legs covered with hair, bristling about in all directions, and finally after a little hard fighting on the part of his spider-ship, forced into a wide-mouthed jar, and then held close prisoner. Our host and his little motherless children (fine specimens of American beauty, by the way, flourishing in this Indian wilderness,) did not seem under the least apprehension that he could injure them. They saw them frequently, they said, but had never yet been bitten. They are wonderfully brave insects. A gentleman told me that he has himself known them to contest the way with a horse; that instead of leaving the path where it was in danger of being crushed, the tarantula would throw its legs forward, and show fight. The one I have mentioned was so spunky that he parted with a limb before he could be safely lodged in his house of glass; and then he pawed its sides with rage...

...beautiful clouding and diversity of pattern. What a treasure would it be to our connoisseurs in furniture? Look at our hemp—far beyond the manilla; our papyrus, our plantain fibre! I tell you what, sir, our countrymen are fools, fools! to neglect so safe, so contiguous, so prolific a place of commerce as the British West Indies. But I am forgetting myself," he added, smilingly, "see, here is cinnamon. It has a very delicate flavor—taste it. My children prefer tea made from this spice to coffee, in the mornings; indeed I frequently drink it myself. There's another grand chance for commerce; nothing could be cultivated more easily. Here is the nutmeg; now Schomburgh says the average consumption of this one article at home, meaning in England, is estimated at ten thousand pounds per annum; and in England, you know, nutmegs are among the forbidden luxuries, to the poor, but in our country, show me the farmer's or mechanic's wife that can or will make her mess of savory pancakes, cup cakes or puddings, without the pleasant and spicy nutmeg. I don't believe the consumption of nutmegs in Yankee land, (where they make wooden ones sometimes, you know) can be hardly estimated, since they are used by the poorest as well as the richest. Here is some pepper of the most pungent kind, as your eyes testified at supper, Mrs. D. Here is also some of the ginger we grow, considered superior to all other—and the indigo of which this is a sample, is undoubtedly the best in the world, yet its cultivation is totally neglected."

We of course all sighed as in duty bound, over the carelessness of our country in allowing themselves to neglect many of the richest fruits of commerce, and that too within so short a distance of home.

Our nerves were not in the least smoothed by a whisper from our friend, as we passed a low door leading to the cellar, "Do you know our host keeps his wife here, above ground? She has been dead now six months."

I looked with awe towards that spot, made sacred by the trust of hallowed ashes within its keeping—but more of this anon.

Selected Articles.

WORK AND PLAY.

BY C. L. BRACE.

Here I am at the country house of a lawyer, near London. He is a distinguished member of the profession; an untiring worker during the business hours, and has already accomplished as much in professional honor and legal reforms as any living lawyer of his department in England. He works like a Yankee—quick, intensely, with whole mind and feelings for the moment fixed on the point; jumping with incredible rapidity and intensity from one knotty question to another.

But the moment his fast little pony has carried him out, here is another man. Old law-precedents, authorities, principles, problems, questions for Parliament or Chancery, are clean forgotten and put aside. His friends, not of his profession, too, men of literature and art—are gathered here after dinner. The word is, A game at bowls! good old English bowls! The green is cleared, so that the little wooden ball may roll easily over the soft, shorn grass. The gentlemen, hats off, gather in the mild summer evening at one end, and the game begins. No *dilettante* playing—nice, careful, eager bowling, shouts, and laughter, and jokes. My friend of the bar—the adviser of corporations and Parliaments, perhaps, in the morning—now a complete boy again, running, shouting, calling to this and that one—generally by the first name, or bringing out a cup of coffee for some new-comer. Then as the long twilight comes on, we gather together and sit on the veranda or in the garden, talking with such a genuine relish and heartiness as is rarely seen. The house is filled with works of art, many of which are our friend's own work, for one of his amusements is sketching.

Such an evening as this comes in the summer, after almost every day's labor, varied by walks, rambles, sketching parties, &c. Then when July is over, no short vacation, which only gives the overworked body a breath of sweet country air, to take it away again; but a good long ten weeks in the middle of October, until the grime of the city and the dust of courts is all washed away; and the man returns from his summer of fishing, sketching, and amusing, renewed in youth, and able for another year's campaign, without dyspepsia or brain ache. No wonder professional men are so healthy in England. They enjoy life! They *live*; and with all civilization has given, she has never bestowed a sensation so exquisite and so delighting as the simple, old, unpolished feeling of the *enjoyment of health*. It is worth all the pleasures which art, or learning, or philosophy ever produced; worth still more if these can be enjoyed through it.

The idea has spread through the business world in England, that a man is worth more for work, if you give him a chance for play...

Selected Poetry.

MY PICTURE.

Round this way—turn not the light
By my desk—'tis not the light
Falling at dusk—'tis not the light
That I seek to—
Thus I seek to—

EVENING POST

PUBLISHED AUGUST 4TH, 1821.

DAILY EDITION REACHES 50,000 AND 60,000.

AND OVER THIRTY-THREE YEARS, during which the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been
and is admitted to common entrance, by permission, as a welcome guest in a host that
all reason for their money. Our arrangements as far for the coming year, are such as we trust will be
with wonder of the high reputation of the POST. Attractive advertisements already have been placed,
ur consideration from the gifted pens of

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, E. L. SPROAT,
MRS. CARLEN, FANNY FERN, and A NEW CONTRIBUTOR (whose name by request is withheld).

In the first paper of January will appear a startling story, entitled

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

By Miss. EDGAR P. CARLTON, author of "Miss Tom of Waldorf," &c. &c.

We design following this with a short novelet, which will probably run through some three of four numbers, entitled—

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE.

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Then we propose following with an original novelet, designed to illustrate, decidedly, the plan of ruin of INTEMPERANCE, entitled—

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

By A NEW AND DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTOR.

We also have made arrangements for one other short novelet, to be entitled—

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

and

THE NABOB'S WILL,

By CHARLES GAYLORD, author of "Discovered Lovers," "Hope and Mishap," &c.

Also the following additional contributions—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN, author of "Fern Leaves," &c.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

A Novelet, by Mrs. DENISON, author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c.

NANCY SELWYN,

or

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novelet, by MARY IRVING.

And last, but by no means least—from the transcendental and powerful pen of the POST's own exclusive contributor—

VIVIA,

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Missing," "The Lost Heiress," &c. &c. &c.

In addition to the above great array of contributors, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND LETTERS, POETRY, HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC ANECDOTES, &c. &c. &c., SELECTED LITERARY ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC ANECDOTES, &c. &c. &c., CAREFULLY-DIGESTED LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, &c. &c.

One short article in every number, so as to suit the taste of all readers.

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The Evening Post is one part of the United States, and particularly of society in advocate, at the office where it is located, of only 20 cents a year.

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4 COPIES,	$7.00 PER ANNUM.
8 " (And one to the getter up of the Club.)	$14.00 "
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20 " (And one to the getter up of the Club.)	$28.00 "

The money for Clubs always must be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the name is to be kept, a draft should be procured, if possible, for the cost of which deduct from the amount.

Address, always, post paid,

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—*Any person desiring of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by mailing the Publishers by letter, (post paid.)*

TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or mention the material portions of it, (the names of new subscribers and our terms,) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement of terms.

☞ Complimentary notices omitted for want of room.

Our Correspondents

THE GREAT WEST.

A WORD TO THE INDUSTRIOUS POOR.

Often, while perusing the Eastern papers, do the chilling and heart-cooling records of the misery endured by the poorer class of individuals living in the Eastern cities, present themselves upon my notice.

Thousands are living in wretched old garrets, or breathing the damp and unhealthy atmosphere of dark cellars, destitute of what is requisite to sustain life. At all hours of the day, and in all kinds of weather, may be seen hundreds of dirty, ragged children, with pale, haggard faces, tearful eyes, and countenances which bespeak plainly the marks of intolerable suffering and hardship, traversing the streets, begging for a bit of bread. And yet, many are unable to provide against the awful pangs of starvation.

To the large towns and cities of the East are pouring in at all times a continual flood of emigrants from the Old World, who have fled from oppression at home, thinking to find relief on the shores of our rich and independent continent, rendered so by being "the home and the brave and the asylum of the oppressed." Offended as they thus are, among strangers, without the proper knowledge, without home or shelter, they are certainly in a predicament not to be envied. They augur no employment; but, in the crowded metropolis, of so many labor-seeking men and women, it cannot be obtained by almost, even if found, it will be at a compensation scarcely sufficient to support a family.

I have waited long and patiently to hear some of the Western farmers speak through the medium of the papers, of the scarcity of daily great demand for help in the West: but I hear nothing. So I have been induced to tender an allusion to it myself, hoping that a more skilful pen than mine will take up the subject, as a knowledge of the advantages of the West over the East is of great advantage to the poorer classes in general.

The advantages derived by the poor in moving West, are numerous. Rent and board—cheap—and cheap—wages high. Not the demand for help great. I have known men to come from the East, with barely enough to pay expenses, and by industry, prudence and frugality, to possess a farm and other valuable property, in a very short time. At any rate, a man will gets from twelve to twenty dollars per month, and board, can certainly lay up money. Female help is also very much in demand—their wages vary from one to two and a half dollars per week.

Now, if the benevolent societies in the East would take this matter into consideration, and see all their influence to remove the suffering poor to the West, where they would support themselves, besides relieving their benefactors of a great burden, they would greatly diminish the amount of crime committed in the cities resulting from extreme poverty and hunger.

If some of the most influential farmers throughout the Western States would use their endeavors to induce the poor to emigrate West, they would find it a great benefit to the East and the West, besides vastly diminishing the amount of human misery in the thronged cities of the East.

A WESTERN CITIZEN.

Luton, Ill.

COAL SIFTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is great economy in burning the cinders of hard coal. The process of cleaning them from the ashes, however, by the ordinary mode, is one so unpleasant that many are tempted to throw them away, rather than sacrifice themselves in a cloud of dust and ashes, for the sake of saving them. Some have been coal sifters invented, designed to make the task of separating the cinders from the ashes—a less disagreeable one—but they have been offered to the public at such high prices, that few have been disposed to purchase them. And, on inquiry, a few weeks since, at a store, for a "coal sifter," the only article offered for sale was a coarse wire sieve, or circular form, like a common meal sieve—the price of it twenty-five cents. Wishing something that would protect one from the dying ashes, while sifting the cinders, I have contrived a very simple machine, for my own domestic use, which, by those who burn coal, will be found, I am sure, a great improvement upon the very common, dusty, open, and-door operation of sifting coal. It is cheap enough for the "million"—costing me, in money, but twenty-five cents, (paid for the sieve) and perhaps an hour's labor. Here is the construction of it, if any one is disposed to try it.

I bought a wire sieve, such as is mentioned above, already to fit a common flour barrel. I took a common flour barrel, and, with an inch auger, bored a hole through the side, about eight inches below the upper edge of the barrel, and also another hole directly opposite, at the same distance from the top of the barrel. I then took the handle of an old broom and pushed it through these holes, leaving one end of it to project on one side of the barrel. With a gimlet, through this stick, (within the barrel,) I bored two holes, just such as the wire spurs at would equal the diameter of the sieve, and drove into the holes, pieces of a inch wire, about two inches long, (the wire leaving three projecting upwards—so that when the sieve should be placed in the barrel, upon the stick, these wires would come up through the meshes of the sieve, close within the rim.) I then bent a couple of pieces of small wire, two or three inches long—forming a hook—at one end, sharpening their ends, drove them through the rim of the sieve, from the outer side, and near the top, opposite to each other, and just where the pieces of upright wire would come up, through the sieve, and also through these hooks. By this means the sieve was steadily secured upon the two handles, and, by the end projecting from the side of the barrel, could be swung backward and forward—thus sifting the coal that should be placed in it. But there was danger lest, in swinging the sieve back and to, the cinders would be thrown too far over, and its contents all be lost. To prevent this, I nailed two pieces of shingle right angles with the stick, which supported the sieve, and, at about twelve inches from the top of the barrel, on the side opposite the other, in the barrel—and just through another stick, so that, when the sieve was pushed to the front person sifting, as it rather over from side to side, it struck upon these pieces of shingle, and was prevented from making an extra revolution. With a handle to swing the top of the barrel, the apparatus is complete, and I have found it to work well.

Now, if the benevolent societies in the East would take this matter into consideration, and see all their influence to remove the suffering poor to the West, where they would support themselves, besides relieving their benefactors of a great burden, they would greatly diminish the amount of crime committed in the cities resulting from extreme poverty and hunger.

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SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS PAPER ARE THE EXCLUSIVE PROPERTY OF THE PROPRIETORS ALONE, AND NOT EVEN A SINGLE SENTENCE OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $4, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, " "	$8.00 Per Annum.
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Persons residing in *British North America* must remit twenty-five cents in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

AGENTS TO CLUB.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the letter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the Club. The Post Office will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to Clubs end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, and to the Post-Office by which they receive their mail.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no traveling agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All subscribers wishing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, to which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of the liberal offer contained, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Private Letter.—The poem did not suit us for the reason the following extract of it will now find room for:

[illegible]

Long time the Rose remain'd unseen
Till Spring had clothed the earth in green,
Till many sisters fair had blown
To make sweet bowers for Love's own throne,
And Summer, with its all bright hours,
Had wreathed the valleys and the flowers.

[illegible]

Then the Rose bloom'd in all its pride
And Zephyr's softest breath
Was all that e'er could wither it.

[illegible]

The right spirit—but not quite enough fire.

Roseworth and Evergreen—Rec'd.

Dear Sir—Rec'd. Will look at it.

Look out where the warrior falls—Rec'd.

Fair Flower—Rec'd.

[illegible]

Fair, sweet moon, soon vanished—Rec'd.

[illegible] We will not call it a failure, but it is not up to the standard. The verse does not flow smoothly, and the rhymes are not always perfect. It is not a question of ability, but of time. Your poems show a cultivated mind, and we hope to hear from you again.

[illegible] Your young friend's article is not suited to our columns. We would say to him, however, that he must not be discouraged by our refusal. Let him write on, and he will succeed.

[illegible] We will look at it.

[illegible] We will not be able to publish "the Sentinel"—though it has peculiar merit—as it is not suited to our columns. We would say to the author, however, that he must not be discouraged by our refusal. Let him write more and more, and he will succeed.

[illegible] We will look at it. [illegible] We will look at it. [illegible] We will look at it.

[illegible] We will look at it. [illegible] We will look at it.

[illegible] We will look at it. [illegible] We will look at it.

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SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1853.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 19th inst., Mr. Adams introduced a bill to establish an uniform rate of interest throughout the United States. The bill extends the term of non-residence for twenty-one years, and puts prospectively upon those foreigners who may come into the United States after the passage of the act. He addressed the Senate, reading the remarks in a tone of voice more resembling closet soliloquy than to the gallery. He was understood as saying that, in the limited time that this, the twenty-first session of the American Congress would be favored by the support of the American people, they could see, then, reposed that we subservients should be held up to respect, and that the Congress of America and Europe should be on a footing of equality. He thought that the time was favorable for the passage of his measure. He addressed the Senate, reading his remarks in a tone of voice more resembling closet soliloquy than to the gallery. He was understood as saying that, in the limited time that this, the twenty-first session of the American Congress would be favored by the support of the American people, they could see, then, reposed that we subservients should be held up to respect, and that the Congress of America and Europe should be on a footing of equality. He thought that the time was favorable for the passage of his measure.

Mr. Oliver, of Missouri, replied to the position assumed by Mr. Adams, that the Missouri Compromise was a system of love of country on his part and a deep desire for the perpetuity of the Republic. It was to him always a miserable insult to proclaim slavery in Kansas and Nebraska unconstitutional, null and void, inoperative, inconstitutional, and therefore to nullify. The gentleman, he understood, had declared that the Missouri Compromise was a nullity, and that it must not be enforced. Mr. Oliver defended the people of Missouri from the charge of violence in the late election. He had participated in the throes of Mr. Webster, among that illustrious band of statesmen who had met in council to devise means for the preservation of the Union. He addressed the Senate, reading his remarks in a tone of voice more resembling closet soliloquy than to the gallery. He was understood as saying that, in the limited time that this, the twenty-first session of the American Congress would be favored by the support of the American people, they could see, then, reposed that we subservients should be held up to respect, and that the Congress of America and Europe should be on a footing of equality. He thought that the time was favorable for the passage of his measure.

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On the 20th inst., after the presentation of petitions &c., Mr. Foote offered a resolution instructing the committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of so amending the act of 1850, entitled "An act to establish the Territorial Government of New Mexico," as to authorize the Supreme Court of the Territory to hear and determine all claims to land within the limits thereof, derived from any former sovereign power, and to adjudge and decree the same to be valid or invalid, as the principles of law and justice require; and to report by bill or otherwise. Mr. Foote addressed the Senate, reading his remarks in a tone of voice more resembling closet soliloquy than to the gallery. He was understood as saying that, in the limited time that this, the twenty-first session of the American Congress would be favored by the support of the American people, they could see, then, reposed that we subservients should be held up to respect, and that the Congress of America and Europe should be on a footing of equality. He thought that the time was favorable for the passage of his measure.

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Selected Poetry.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!
(WE MEET AGAIN.)

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MUSIC.

I.

The little pain was couched at last,
Hid 'neath the leaves and flowers gone by,
The sentinel Hope, and he our guest,
A trustful look the battlement cast,
And said—"Auf Wiedersehen!"

II.

With hand on table, a sister white
Lingered, reluctant, and again
Said fondness of the old script,
And she to me came first and last
Me said—"Auf Wiedersehen!"

III.

The lamp's come gone; pain fills up the void;
I linger in darkness pain;
Ah, is she thinking, Oh we talk so!
Ye breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thanks—me—me!—Auf Wiedersehen!

IV.

'Tis thirteen years, come next I prove
The last! but whenever the hour,
I hear the cuckoo of her throat,
I smell the lime, and—in, me,
I hear "—my" Wiedersehen!

V.

Sweet notes of boulded anxious air!
The English words had meaning too fresh,
But those—they drew my heart to heart—
Yet half in tenderly meant—
Yet said—"Auf Wiedersehen!"

AUTUMN

I.

Still thirteen years, 'tis autumn now
On fade and fall; it is not yet cold,
The naked trees at evening weep,
They rest in the footpath rough,
Fights not,—We meet again.""

II.

The wind that wanders, pauses, dies
That now a wild, and dash with rain,
And sees—in, more than we know,
Is tender and subdued home
Flags not,—We meet again.""

III.

The lamb pale sleeps with many rest,
Once, parted, they've prayed at night,
There comes a parting, when the worst
And fadings for summer's breath
Vainly,—We meet again.""

Somewhere in comfort, somewhere dark,
Though then in sorrow and in pain,
Our souls, that are one flame since,
Are met, for ephemeral existence each
Thanks—me—Auf Wiedersehen!

—*Fraser's Monthly.*

Selected Articles.

CALIFORNIA CHARACTERS.

In the San Francisco newspaper, entitled the Wide West, Mr Whittemeh, has sketched the people at the diggings with a sketch of California characters. The following is a portion of it:

THE UNSUCCESSFUL MASS.—He knows California to be a healthy, fine, pastoral, the miner must soon give out. He thinks that if he had arrived in '49, he could have made his fortune. But not in digging. No! Hard work is what he was cut out for. There was a fine opening in '49 and '50 for men of his kind and energy to speculate in real estate. He don't believe half the tales told about profitable mining. People can't feel fun with their miners. California being a hunting, he would go home, if he hadn't the money to get there. But Jim and Tom know just how it would be, that they were right and that he was wrong. He won't admit that. He'll starve first. He is pretty nigh starving. He could go and work by the day for the Rattle Gulch Water and Mining Company, but he likes independence, and, as he has his mind to cultivate, objects to doing forced labor for more than eight hours a day. Prosperity is, in his opinion, the only way to make a man. The big men are all what he is called. He don't want merely to make a living—he could have done that at home. His luck will turn one day. It will look. Brooks went home with a fortune, and told the unsuccessful miner's friends that the unsuccessful miner hadn't half worked. It isn't work that does good—it is luck. Brooks would have worked for nothing if he hadn't been lucky—he believes, Brooks was studious. The unsuccessful miner has stored it in his memory enough: Australia is the place for him—where that he had gone there at once—want of capital is the only thing that hinders him from going now. Too may persons are allowed to come into the diggins. In his opinion it is bad legislation that has caused the mines. He believes in quartz mining. Thinks that the directors of a quartz mining company make a long thing of it, and wouldn't mind starting such a company himself, if he could collect enough to get funds. Seldom writes home.

The glass is next presented to the face of

THE SUCCESSFUL MINER.—He is the opinion of the successful miner, the idea that the mines are worked out is all rot. He does not believe in luck: attributes his own good fortune to innate force of character. Believes that he would have got along anywhere—not that a man who really works in the mines can do well. Never hearers of mining here in his friends, especially to those who always had luck. Attributes the unsuccessful miner rather down in his speculations, but says roughly that his one losses in quartz-mining and town-lots were entirely unavoidable. Has an interest in one or two stores in different parts of the mines, and is very apt to mention those localities to the new-comers who met on his register, as the likeliest places at which to begin. Considers prospecting a very good thing: has as long as he has a chain adhering an average yield, perfers that some one else should do it. Is modest. Says that he was much a poor self-speaker, and got more gold out of it than any other man in the mines. Claims to be the original inventor of the long-tom, and knew that a sluice was first-rate for washing gold, long before it was introduced. Looks upon cooping in a tent as an everlasting luxury. Gets now a blanket and a shanty.

Another kind of digger is

THE DISSIPATED INDIAN.—He is clumsy, has black, matted hair, is monosyllabous: would anything or nothing—that is to say, exact whatever clothes he gets, and all that he possesses. If he has been fortunate he may have not stinted in several shirts, coats and pantaloons, one over the others. If he has not been fortunate, he wears, perhaps, nothing but a rough pair of stockings. Of any but his own knowledge: water touches his skin rarely: will be gone into if for fish. He eats acorns and grasshoppers crushed together, and bakes into a pasty mass, or sun-dried for winter use. He gets up dances, at which he appears not in full dress, but strictly and always in full dress, while his wives and his daughters appear in the usual variety of costume. He gets like dough, as a game known by our children as "Which Hand Will You Have?" He never has pork, but rejoices with his whole tribe at the stranding of a whale. He takes a wife, or a family of wives, in exchange of guns, giving a jug, and taking in exchange a nut. His body, when he dies, is buried, and it is a point of honor with his relatives to stand in a ring as near as possible to the burning pile, until it is consumed: his bereaved wife puts on a widow's cap of pitch, which she wears on her head for several months, according to the digger-Indian way of going into black.

Another of the noticeable characters is

THE CHINAMAN.—Whatever shall we manage to be earned, John Chinaman is earning it. He is a butcher in Dupont Street, a merchant at Sacramento, a fisherman and fish-dryer on Rincon Point, a vaudevillian at the Lagoon, and his idea of what will do for a first-class dinner amazes the Anglo-Saxondom. His manner in stomach that fares has a tendency to refuse acceptance from his hands: he is clean in his washing, his notions of work are Asiatic. If Chinamen have anything to lift, they first ascertain whether one man can lift it, and, if he can, they send four to perform the duty. At their work is done on the same system. If one case is carrying heavy burdens, the Chinaman degrades on the balancing principle at the one end of a pole carried on his shoulder. If he has a bundle weighing fifty pounds to bang on one end of his pole, he will have fifty pounds of anything he hailed on the other. John Chinaman, in figure and costume, is the most Eastern western notions of the grassiest or the beautiful. Little Californian boys shout at him arrows barbed with paper; men passing him on the paper point jostle him; dogs snarl at his approach; children laugh at his countenance; but he goes on with energy. It is before the ... and wants no suits! Twenty John ... pirate that he was an in-sort ... the time in questions. John ... you may say shopping. He ... for a long time without ... position.

City Scenes.

WHAT THEY SAID TO THEMSELVES.

HON. MR. PIGGIE.—I wish that Conceited Ass, Faddle, would go!"

CAPT. FADDLE.—That Stupid Idiot, Piddle, never knows when he's in the way!"

RICH WIDOW.—I shall be unfeignedly glad when both of these Simpletons take their departure."

and stolidity at the object of his desires. The stock-keeper at last retires in disgust. John Chinaple then the expression of his mind in English, ascertains the price asked for the article, and bids about one-tenth of it. His offer is refused, and he departs; he never offers more at the first visit. After a few days he returns to renew his offer, and, if it be refused, to buy on the stock-keeper's terms. The Chinaman is a miner, but he dislikes digging; for rocking and tom-washing he displays genius. He lives mortally, unapologizing in and in his way: for he has a wonderful greed for chickens. In forty-nine, the Chinese were eminent in San Francisco as keepers of the cheapest and best-frequented eating-houses. They were the only men who had a handkerchief supply of potatoes—then a Californian luxury. These trades have now declined. The founder of the best of them has returned, and is said to be a thriving eating-house keeper in the Sandwich Islands.

The great Chinese Company has fixed stated and a line of business at boothlack, and the Chinese boothlack must not—in San Francisco—black another. A file of boothlacks now does duty in front of the California Exchange, and no man with dirty boots who passes them and who is not—sheer need run the gauntlet. The first boothlack provided for his customer a chair and stool. Competition has led to the production of a chair with a back to it. Capital then entered the field: the back and stool were outdone; and, in the saw-chairs and cushions, newspapers were added. There, attention was chastened: now it is somebody's pride to be the boothlacks' boothlacks. Californian boots are not all to be blacked with ease. A respectable city boothlacking establishment that had suffered much grievous wrong at the feet of persons who had been blacked elsewhere, has one of the customer's seat—close to his eyes—this placard:

Boots blacked (no soot rags &c.) 25 cents
Boots blacked (all soot rags &c.) 50 cents
Boots blacked (all soot rags &c.) 75 cents

N.B. Persons considering time value for high cost—will do well to be blacked with soot rags.

The Californians have a decided taste for eager study. One of the most imposing and importunables of public characters at San Francisco, who, with a rough, hale look, pursues the even tenor of his way, is the "Big Lumpy Candy Kid." Grateful to all ears is the sound of him—Here you are! Big Lumpy and nice-and-candy flavored. Every-body buys of him. Even Sam Brannan must have had a Big Hayne says them." There have arisen lately those who, from envy, and unfeeling some part of his customer so that he is bound now to cry he big lumps as the Old the evening. Then the ... the ... sociability, as the man ... the papers tell about."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"Expect to at Thanksgiving! My Lord don't that appear to me like a mockery to ask all our happy-land are living. I have had a new story top on on my old cane, for which I wrote a length to the Herald. I have had the house sent turned, and bought it ... how much I can't remember. Thanksgiving, love Annie, your old grandfather will eat his share of the turkey, fowl's dumb."

"I shall be with you at Thanksgiving! My Lord don't that appear to me like a mockery to ask all our happy-land are living. I have had a new story top on on my old cane, for which I wrote a length to the Herald. I have had the house sent turned, and bought it ... how much I can't remember. Thanksgiving, love Annie, your old grandfather will eat his share of the turkey, fowl's dumb."

"Dear sirs: It thinks we may right now in reason to your notice. Thanksgiving is coming, because darling baby was so young, she, being the only daughter of the family, that we thought we would keep him up carefully, and I do hope he won't get cold. I don't know what would be the matter with us if he should be sick, and have for pay. Henry said you two barrels of apples."

"Mother, don't we turn God order Kate? To think that man will be rewarded. Lord Thanksgiving, love to